that he was called the sage Munniaton."—"Freston [28], he meant to say," quoth Don Quixote. "I know not," answered the Housekeeper, "whether his name be Freston, or Friton; all I know is, that it ended in *ton*."—"It doth so," replied Don Quixote: "he is a wise enchanter, a great enemy of mine, and bears me a grudge, because, by his skill and learning, he knows, that, in process of time, I shall engage in single combat, with a Knight, whom he favours, and shall vanquish him without his being able to prevent it; and for this cause he endeavours to do me all the unkindness he can: but let him know from me, it will be difficult for him to withstand or avoid what is decreed by Heaven."—"Who doubts of that?" said the Niece. "But, dear uncle, who puts you upon these squabbles? Would it not be better to stay quietly at home, and not ramble about the world seeking for better bread than wheaten, and not considering that many go for wool and return shorn themselves?"—"O dear Niece," answered Don Quixote, "how little do you know of the matter! Before they shall shear me, I will pluck and tear off the beards of all those, who dare think of touching the tip of a single hair of mine." Neither of them would make any farther reply; for they saw his choler begin to take fire. He staid, after this, fifteen days at home, very quiet, without discovering any symptom of an inclination to repeat

his late frolics: in which time there passed very pleasant discourses between him and his two neighbours, the Priest and the Barber; he affirming, that the world stood in need of nothing so much as Knights-errant, and the revival of chivalry. The Priest sometimes contradicted him, and at other times acquiesced; for had he not made use of this artifice, there would have been no means left to bring him to reason.

In the mean time, Don Quixote tampered with a labourer, a neighbour of his, and an honest man, if such an epithet may be given to one, that is poor, but very shallow-brained. In short, he said so much, used so many arguments, and promised him such great matters, that the poor fellow resolved to sally out with him, and serve him as his squire. Among other things, Don Quixote told him, he should dispose himself to go with him willingly; because, some time or other, such an adventure might present, that an island might be won, in the turn of a hand, and he be left governor of it. With these and the like promises, Sancho Panza, for that was the labourer's name, left his wife and children, and hired himself for a squire to his neighbour. Don Quixote presently cast about how to raise money, and, by selling one thing, and pawning another, and losing by all, he scraped together a tolerable sum. He fitted himself likewise with a buckler, which he borrowed of a friend, and patching up

his broken helmet the best he could, he acquainted his squire Sancho of the day and hour, he intended to set out, that he might provide himself with what he should find to be most needful. Above all, he charged him not to forget a wallet: and Sancho said, he would be sure to carry one, and that he intended also to take with him an ass he had, being a very good one, because he was not used to travel much on foot. As to the ass, Don Quixote paused a little, endeavouring to recollect, whether any Knight-errant had ever carried a squire mounted ass-wise: but no instance of the kind occurred to his memory. However he consented, that he should take his ass with him, purposing to accommodate him more honourably, the first opportunity, by dismounting the first discourteous Knight he should meet. He provided himself also with shirts, and what other thing he could, conformably to the advice given him by the inn-keeper.

All which being done and accomplished, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, without taking leave, the one of his wife and children, and the other of his Housekeeper and Niece, one night sallied out of the village, unperceived by any one; and they travelled so hard, that by break of day they believed themselves secure of not being found, though search were made after them. Sancho Panza went riding upon his ass like any patriarch, with his wallet and leathern bottle, and with a

vehement desire to find himself governor of the island, which his master had promised him. Don Quixote happened to take the same route, he had done in his first expedition, through the plain of Montiel, which he passed over with less uneasiness than the time before; for it was early in the morning, and the rays of the sun darting on them aslant gave them no disturbance. Now Pancho Panza said to his master: "I beseech your Worship, good Sir Knight-errant, that you forget not your promise concerning that same island; for I shall know how to govern it, be it never so big." To which Don Quixote answered: "You must know, friend Sancho Panza, that it was a custom much in use among the Knights-errant of old, to make their squires governors of the islands or kingdoms, they conquered; and I am determined, that so laudable a custom shall not be lost for me: on the contrary, I resolve to outdo them in it: for they sometimes, and perhaps most times, staid till their squires were grown old; and when they were worn out in their service, and had undergone many bad days and worse nights, they gave them some title, as that of Count, or at least Marquis, of some valley or province, be it greater or less: but if you live and I live, before six days are ended, I may probably win such a kingdom, as may have others depending on it, as fit, as if they were cast in a mould, for thee to be crowned King of one of them. And do not think this

any extraordinary matter; for things fall out to such Knights, by such unforeseen and unexpected ways, that I may easily give thee more than I promise."—"So then," answered Sancho Panza, "if I were a King by some of those miracles, you are pleased to mention, Mary Gutierrez, my crooked rib, would at least come to be a Queen, and my children Infantas."—"Who doubts it?" answered Don Quixote. "I doubt it," replied Sancho Panza; "for I am verily persuaded, that, if God were to rain down kingdoms upon the earth, none of them would sit well upon the head of Maria Gutierrez; for you must know, Sir, she is not worth two farthings for a Queen. The title of Countess, God help her, would sit much better upon her."—"Recommend her to God, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "and he will do what is best for her: but do thou have a care not to debase thy mind so low as to content thyself with being less than a lord lieutenant."—"Sir, I will not," answered Sancho, "especially having so great a man for my master as your Worship, who will know how to give whatever is most fitting for me, and what you find me best able to bear."

## CHAP. VIII.

OF THE GOOD SUCCESS WHICH THE VALOROUS DON QUIXOTE HAD IN THE DREADFUL AND NEVER-BEFORE-IMAGINED ADVENTURE OF THE WINDMILLS, WITH OTHER EVENTS WORTHY TO BE RECORDED.

As they were thus discoursing, they perceived some thirty or forty windmills, that are in that plain; and as soon as Don Quixote espied them, he said to his squire: "Fortune disposes our affairs better than we ourselves could have desired: look yonder, friend Sancho Panza, where you may discover somewhat more than thirty monstrous giants, with whom I intend to fight, and take away all their lives; with whose spoils we will begin to enrich ourselves: for it is lawful war, and doing God good service to take away so wicked a generation from off the face of the earth."—"What giants?" said Sancho Panza. "Those you see yonder," answered his master, "with those long arms; for some of them are wont to have them almost of the length of two leagues."—"Consider, Sir," answered Sancho, "that those, which appear yonder, are not giants, but windmills; and what seem to be arms, are the sails, which, whirled about by the wind, make the millstone go."—"One may easily see," answered Don Quixote, "that you are not versed in the

business of adventures: they are giants; and if you are afraid, get aside and pray, whilst I engage with them in a fierce and unequal combat." And so saying, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, without minding the cries, his squire sent after him, assuring him that those he went to assault were, without all doubt, windmills, and not giants. But he was so fully possessed, that they were giants, that he neither heard the outcries of his squire Sancho, nor yet discerned what they were, though he was very near them, but went on crying out aloud: "Fly not, ye Cowards and vile Caitiffs: for it is a single Knight, who assaults you." Now the wind rose a little, and the great sails began to move: which Don Quixote perceiving, he said: "Well, though you should move more arms than the giant Briareus, you shall pay for it."

And so saying, and recommending himself devoutly to his Lady Dulcinea, beseeching her to succour him in the present danger, being well covered with his buckler, and setting his lance in the rest, he rushed on as fast as Rozinante could gallop, and attacked the first mill before him; and running his lance into the sail, the wind whirled it about with so much violence, that it broke the lance to shivers, dragging horse and rider after it, and tumbling them over and over on the plain, in very evil plight. Sancho Panza hastened to his assistance as fast as his ass could

carry him; and when he came up to him, he found him not able to stir; so violent was the blow he and Rozinante had received in falling. "God save me," quoth Sancho; "did not I warn you to have a care of what you did, for that they were nothing but windmills, and nobody could mistake them but one that had the like in his head?"—"Peace, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "for matters of war are, of all others, most subject to continual mutations. Now I verily believe, and it is most certainly so, that the sage Freston, who stole away my chamber and books, has metamorphosed these giants into windmills, on purpose to deprive me of the glory of vanquishing them, so great is the enmity, he bears me: but, when he has done his worst, his wicked arts will avail but little against the goodness of my sword."—"God grant it as he can," answered Sancho Panza; and, helping him to rise, he mounted him again upon Rozinante, who was half shoulder-slipped.

And discoursing of the late adventure, they followed the road that led to the pass of Lapice[29], for there Don Quixote said, they could not fail to meet with many and various adventures, it being a great thoroughfare: and yet he went on very melancholy for want of his lance; and, speaking of it to his squire, he said: "I remember to have read, that a certain Spanish Knight, called Diego Perez de Vargas, having broken his

sword in fight, tore off a huge branch, or limb, from an oak, and performed such wonders with it that day, and dashed out the brains of so many Moors, that he was surnamed Machuca; and from that day forward, he and his descendants bore the names of Vargas and Machuca. I tell you this, because, from the first oak, or crab-tree, we meet, I mean to tear such another limb, at least as good as that; and I purpose and resolve to do such feats with it, that you shall deem yourself most fortunate, in being worthy to behold them; and to be an eye-witness of things, which can scarcely be believed."—"God's will be done," quoth Sancho; "I believe all just as you say, Sir: but, pray, set yourself upright in your saddle; for you seem to me to ride sideling, occasioned, doubtless, by your being so sorely bruised by the fall."—"It is certainly so," answered Don Quixote; "and if I do not complain of pain, it is because Knights-errant are not allowed to complain of any wound whatever, though their entrails come out at it."—"If it be so, I have nothing to reply," answered Sancho; "but God knows, I should be glad to hear your Worship complain when any thing ails you. As for myself, I must complain of the least pain I feel, unless this business of not complaining be understood to extend to the squires of Knights-errant." Don Quixote could not forbear smiling at the simplicity of his squire, and told him he

might complain whenever, and as much as he pleased, with or without cause, having never yet read any thing to the contrary in the laws of chivalry.

Sancho put him in mind, that it was time to dine. His master answered, that, at present, he had no need; but that he might eat whenever he thought fit. With this licence, Sancho adjusted himself the best he could upon his beast; and, taking out what he carried in his wallet, he jogged on eating, behind his master, very leisurely, and now and then lifted the bottle to his mouth with so much relish, the best fed victualler of Malaga might have envied him. And whilst he went on in this manner, repeating his draughts, he thought no more of the promises his master had made him; nor did he think it any toil, but rather a recreation, to go in quest of adventures, though never so perilous. In short, they passed that night among some trees, and from one of them Don Quixote tore a withered branch, that might serve him in some sort for a lance, and fixed it to the iron head, or spear, of that which was broken. All that night Don Quixote slept not a wink, ruminating on his Lady Dulcinea, in conformity to what he had read in his books, where the Knights are wont to pass many nights together, without closing their eyes, in forests and deserts, entertaining themselves with the remembrance of their mistresses. Not so did San-

cho pass the night; whose stomach being full, and not of dandelion-water, he made but one sleep of it: and, if his master had not roused him, neither the beams of the sun, that darted full in his face, nor the melody of the birds, which in great numbers most cheerfully saluted the approach of the new day, could have awakened him. On rising up, he took a swig at his bottle, and found it much lighter than the evening before, which grieved his very heart, for he did not think they were in the way to remedy that defect very soon. Don Quixote would not break his fast; for, as it is said, he resolved to subsist upon savoury remembrances.

They returned to the way, they had entered upon the day before, toward the pass of Lapice, which they discovered about three in the afternoon. "Here," said Don Quixote, espying it, "brother Sancho Panza, we may thrust our hands up to the elbows in what they call adventures. But take this caution with you, that, though you should see me in the greatest peril in the world, you must not lay your hand to your sword to defend me, unless you see, that they, who assault me, are vile mob and mean scoundrels; in that case you may assist me: but if they should be Knights, it is in no wise lawful, nor allowed by the laws of chivalry, that you should intermeddle until you are dubbed a Knight."—"I assure you, Sir," answered Sancho, "your Worship shall be

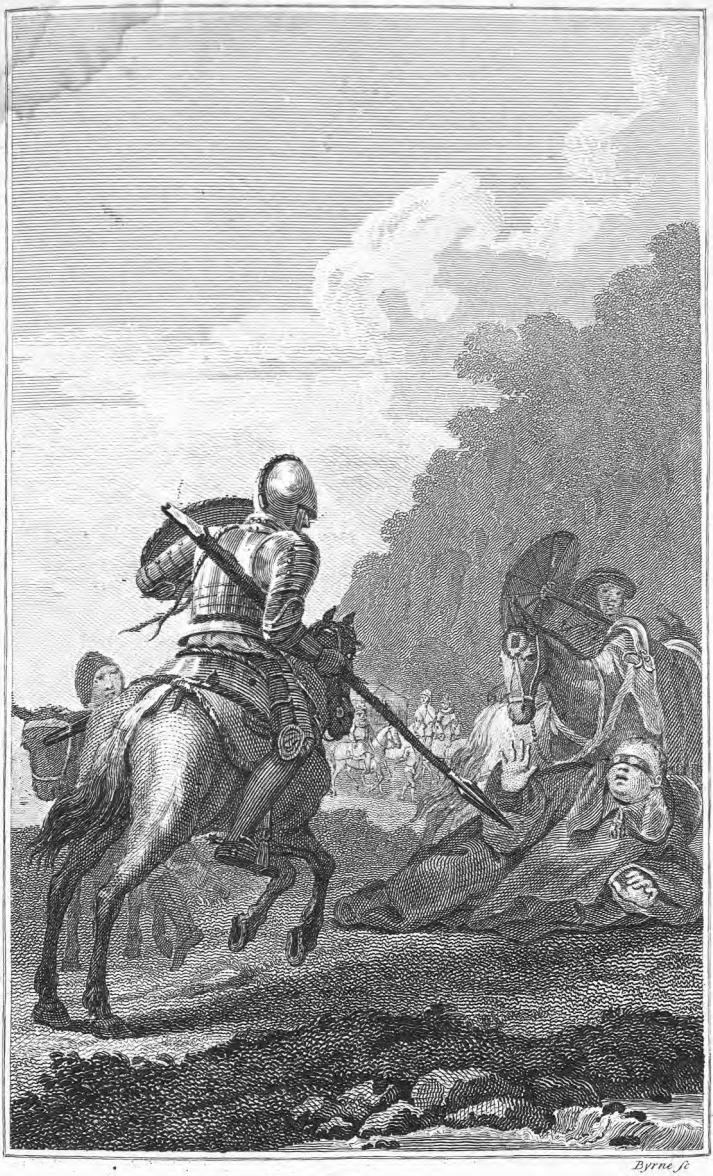
obeyed most punctually herein, and the rather, because I am naturally very peaceable, and an enemy to thrusting myself into brangles and squabbles; but for all that, as to what regards the defence of my own person, I shall make no great account of those same laws, since both divine and human allow every one to defend himself against all, who would annoy him."—"I say no less," answered Don Quixote; "but in the business of assisting me against Knights, you must restrain and keep in your natural impetuosity."—"I say I will do so," answered Sancho; "and I will observe this precept as religiously as the Lord's-day."

As they were thus discoursing, there appeared in the road two monks of the order of St. Benedict, mounted upon two dromedaries; for the mules whereon they rode were not much less. They wore travelling masks, and umbrellas. Behind them came a coach, and four or five men on horseback, who accompained it, with two muleteers on foot. There was in the coach, as it was afterwards known, a certain Biscaine lady going to Seville to her husband, who was there ready to embark for the Indies in a very honourable post. The monks came not in her company, though they were travelling the same road. But scarcely had Don Quixote espied them, when he said to his squire: "Either I am deceived, or this is likely to prove the most famous adventure, that ever

was seen; for those black bulks, that appear yonder, must be, and without doubt are, enchanters, who are carrying away some Princess, whom they have stolen, in that coach; and I am obliged to redress this wrong to the utmost of my power."—"This may prove a worse job than the windmills," said Sancho: "pray, Sir, take notice, that those are Benedictine monks, and the coach must belong to some travellers. Pray hearken to my advice, and have a care what you do, and let not the devil deceive you."—"I have already told you, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that you know little of the business of adventures: what I say is true, and you will see it presently." And so saying, he advanced forward, and planted himself in the midst of the highway, by which the monks were to pass; and when they were so near, that he supposed they could hear what he said, he cried out with a loud voice: "Diabolical and monstrous race, either instantly release the high-born Princesses, whom you are carrying away in that coach against their wills, or prepare for instant death, as the just chastisement of your wicked deeds[38]." The monks stopped their mules, and stood admiring, as well at the figure of Don Quixote, as at his expressions; to which they answered: "Signor Cavalier, we are neither diabolical nor monstrous, but a couple of religious of the Benedictine order, who are travelling on our own business, and are entirely ignorant,

whether any Princesses are carried away by force in that coach, or not."—"Soft words do nothing with me; for I know ye, treacherous Scoundrels," said Don Quixote: and without staying for any other reply, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and, with his lance couched, ran at the foremost monk with such fury and resolution, that, if he had not slid down from his mule, he would have brought him to the ground, in spite of his teeth, and wounded to boot, if not killed outright.

The second religious, seeing his comrade treated in this manner, clapped spurs to his mule's sides, and began to scour along the plain, lighter than the wind itself. Sancho Panza seeing the monk on the ground, leaped nimbly from his ass, and running to him began to take off his habit. In the mean while the monk's two lacqueys coming up asked him why he was stripping their master of his clothes? Sancho answered, that they were his lawful perquisites, as being the spoils of the battle, which his lord Don Quixote had just won. The lacqueys, who did not understand raillery, nor what he meant by spoils or battles, seeing Don Quixote at a distance, talking with those in the coach, fell upon Sancho, and threw him down, and, leaving him not a hair, in his beard, gave him a hearty kicking, and left him stretched on the ground, breathless, and senseless. And, without losing a minute, the monk got upon his mule again, trembling, and terribly frighted, and



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*Don Quixote attacking the Benedictine Monks.*

*Publish'd Jan.y 1801. for W. Miller Old Bond Street.*

as pale as death; and no sooner was he mounted, but he spurred after his companion, who stood waiting at a good distance, to see what would be the issue of that strange encounter: but being unwilling to wait the event, they went on their way, crossing themselves oftener than if the devil had been close at their heels. Don Quixote, as was said, stood talking to the lady in the coach, saying: "Your beauty, dear Lady, may dispose of your person as pleaseth you best; for your haughty ravishers lie prostrate on the ground, overthrown by my invincible arm: and that you may not be at any pains to learn the name of your deliverer, know that I am called Don Quixote de la Mancha, Knight-errant and Adventurer, and captive to the peerless and beauteous Dulcinea del Toboso; and, in requital of the benefit, you have received at my hands, all I desire is, that you would return to Toboso, and, in my name, present yourselves before that lady, and tell her what I have done to obtain your liberty."

All that Don Quixote said was overheard by a certain squire, who accompanied the coach, a Biscainer; who finding he would not let the coach go forward, but insisted upon its immediately returning to Toboso, flew at Don Quixote, and, taking hold of his lance, addressed him, in bad Castilian and worse Biscaine, after this manner: "Be gone, Cavalier, and the devil go with thee: I swear by the God that made me,

if thou dost not quit the coach, thou forfeitest thy life, as I am a Biscainer." Don Quixote understood him very well, and with great calmness answered: "Wert thou a gentleman, as thou art not, I would, before now, have chastised thy folly and presumption, thou pitiful slave." To which the Biscainer replied: "I no gentleman! I swear by the great God thou lyest, as I am a Christian; if thou wilt throw away thy lance, and draw thy sword, thou shalt see I will make no more of thee than a cat does of a mouse. Biscainer by land, gentleman by sea, gentleman for the devil, and thou lyest: look then, if thou hast any thing else to say."—"Thou shalt see that presently, as said Agrages," answered Don Quixote: and throwing down his lance, he drew his sword, and grasping his buckler set upon the Biscainer, with a resolution to kill him. The Biscainer, seeing him come on in that manner, though he would fain have alighted from his mule, which, being of the worst kind of hackneys, was not to be depended upon, had yet only time to draw his sword: but it happened well for him, that he was close to the coach side, out of which he snatched a cushion, which served him for a shield; and immediately to it they went, as if they had been mortal enemies. The rest of the company would have made peace between them: but they could not; for the Biscainer swore in his gibberish, that, if they would not let him

finish the combat, he would kill his mistress and every body, that offered to hinder him. The lady of the coach, amazed and affrighted at what she saw, bid the coachman put a little out of the way, and so sat at a distance, beholding the rigorous conflict: in the progress of which, the Biscainer gave Don Quixote such a huge stroke on one of his shoulders, and above his buckler, that, had it not been for his coat of mail, he had cleft him down to the girdle. Don Quixote, feeling the weight of that unmeasurable blow, cried out aloud, saying: "O Lady of my soul, Dulcinea, flower of all beauty, succour this thy Knight, who, to satisfy thy great goodness, exposes himself to this rigorous extremity." The saying this, the drawing his sword, the covering himself well with his buckler, and falling furiously on the Biscainer, were all done in one moment, he resolving to venture all on the fortune of one single blow. The Biscainer, who saw him coming thus upon him, and perceived his bravery by his resolution, resolved to do the same thing that Don Quixote had done; and so he waited for him, covering himself well with his cushion, but was not able to turn his mule about to the right, or the left, she being already so jaded, and so little used to such sport, that she would not stir a step.

Now Don Quixote, as has been said, advanced against the wary Biscainer, with his lifted sword, fully determined to cleave him asunder; and the

Biscainer expected him, with his sword also lifted up, and guarded by his cushion. All the by-standers were trembling, and in suspense what might be the event of those prodigious blows, with which they threatened each other; and the lady of the coach, and her waiting-women, were making a thousand vows, and promises of offerings, to all the images and places of devotion in Spain, that God would deliver them and their squire from the great peril they were in. But the misfortune is, that the author of this history, in this very crisis, leaves the combat unfinished, excusing himself, that he could find no more written of the exploits of Don Quixote than what he has already related. It is true indeed, that the second undertaker of this work could not believe that so curious an history could be lost in oblivion, or that the wits of la Mancha should have so little curiosity, as not to preserve in their archives, or their cabinets, some papers that treated of this famous Knight; and upon that presumption he did not despair to find the conclusion of this delectable history; which, Heaven favouring him, he has at last done, in the manner as shall be recounted in the following chapter.

## CHAP. IX.

WHEREIN IS CONCLUDED, AND AN END PUT TO, THE STUPENDOUS BATTLE BETWEEN THE VIGOROUS BISCAINER AND THE VALIANT MANCHEGAN.

In the last chapter of this history, we left the valiant Biscainer and the renowned Don Quixote, with their swords lifted up and naked, ready to discharge two such furious and cleaving strokes, as must, if they had lighted full, at least have divided the combatants from head to heel, and split them asunder like a pomegranate: but in that critical instant this relishing history stopped short, and was left imperfect, without the author's giving us any notice where, what remained of it, might be found. This grieved me extremely; and the pleasure of having read so little was turned into disgust, to think what small probability there was of finding the much, that, in my opinion, was wanting of so savoury a story. It seemed to me impossible, and quite beside all laudable custom, that so accomplished a Knight should want a sage, to undertake the penning his unparalleled exploits: a circumstance that never before failed any of those Knights-errant, who travelled in quest of adventures: every one of whom had one or two sages, made as it were on purpose, who not only recorded their actions, but described likewise their most minute and trifling thoughts,

though never so secret. Surely, then, so worthy a Knight could not be so unfortunate, as to want what Platir[31], and others like him, abounded with. For this reason, I could not be induced to believe, that so gallant a history could be left maimed and imperfect; and I laid the blame upon the malignity of time, the devourer and consumer of all things, which either kept it concealed, or had destroyed it. On the other side, I considered, that, since among his books there were found some so modern as the "Cure of Jealousy," and the "Nymphs and Shepherds of Henares[32]," his History also must be modern; and if it was not as yet written, might, at least, still remain in the memories of the people of his village, and those of the neighbouring places. This thought held me in suspense, and made me desirous to learn, really and truly, the whole life and wonderful actions of our renowned Spaniard, Don Quixote de la Mancha, the light and mirror of Manchegan chivalry, and the first, who, in our age, and in these calamitous times, took upon him the toil and exercise of arms-errant; to redress wrongs, succour widows, and relieve that sort of damsels, who, with whip and palfrey, and with all their virginity about them, rambled up and down from mountain to mountain, and from valley to valley: unless some miscreant, or some lewd clown with hatchet and steel cap, or some prodigious giant, ravished them, damsels there were, in days

of yore, who, at the expiration of fourscore years, and never sleeping in all that time under a roof, went as spotless virgins to the grave, as the mothers that bore them. Now, I say, upon these, and many other accounts, our gallant Don Quixote is worthy of immortal memory and praise; nor ought some share to be denied to me, for the labour and pains I have taken to discover the end of this delectable history; though I am very sensible, that, if Heaven and fortune had not befriended me, the world would have still been without that pastime and pleasure, which an attentive reader of it may enjoy for near two hours. Now the manner of finding it was this.

As I was walking, one day, on the exchange of Toledo, a boy came to sell some bundles of old papers to a mercer; and, as I am fond of reading, though it be torn papers, thrown about the streets: carried by this my natural inclination, I took a parcel of those the boy was selling, and perceived therein characters, which I knew to be Arabic. And whereas, though I knew the letters, I could not read them, I looked about for some Moorish rabbi, to read them for me: and it was not very difficult to find such an interpreter; for, had I even sought one for some better and more ancient language, I should have found him there. In short, my good fortune presented one to me; and acquainting him with my desire, and putting the book into his hands, he opened it

towards the middle, and, reading a little in it, began to laugh. I asked him, what he smiled at; and he answered me, at something, which he found written in the margin, by way of annotation. I desired him to tell me what it was; and he, laughing on, said: There is written on the margin as follows: "This Dulcinea del Toboso, so often mentioned in this history, had, they say, the best hand at salting pork, of any woman in all la Mancha." When I heard the name of Dulcinea del Toboso, I stood amazed and confounded; for I presently fancied to myself, that those bundles of paper contained the History of Don Quixote.

With this thought I pressed him to read the beginning; which he did, and rendering extempore the Arabic into Castilian, said that it began thus: "The History of Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by Cide Hamete Benengeli, Arabian Historiographer." Much discretion was necessary to dissemble the joy I felt at hearing the title of the book; and snatching it out of the mercer's hands, I bought the whole bundle of papers from the boy for half a real; who, if he had been cunning, and had perceived how eager I was to have them, might very well have promised himself, and have really had, more than six for the bargain. I went off immediately with the Morisco, through the cloister of the great church, and desired him to translate for me those papers, that treated of Don Quixote, into the Castilian

tongue, without taking away or adding any thing to them, offering to pay him, whatever he should demand. He was satisfied with fifty pounds of raisins, and two bushels of wheat; and promised to translate them faithfully and expeditiously. But I, to make the business more sure, and not to let so valuable a prize slip through my fingers, took him home to my own house, where, in little more than six weeks time, he translated the whole, in the manner you have it here related.

In the first sheet was drawn, in a most lively manner, Don Quixote's combat with the Biscainer, in the same attitude, in which the history sets it forth; the swords lifted up; the one covered with his buckler, the other with his cushion; and the Biscainer's mule so to the life, that you might discover it to be a hackney-jade a bow-shot off. The Biscainer had a label at his feet, on which was written, Don Sancho de Azpeytia; which, without doubt, must have been his name: and at the feet of Rozinante was another, on which was written, Don Quixote. Rozinante was wonderfully well delineated; so long and lank, so lean and feeble, with so sharp a back-bone, and so like one in a galloping consumption, that you might see plainly with what exactness and propriety the name of Rozinante had been given him. Close by him stood Sancho Panza, holding his ass by the halter; at whose feet was another scroll, whereon was written, Sancho

Zancas: and not without reason, if he was, as the painting expressed, paunch-bellied, short of stature, and spindle-shanked: which, doubtless, gave him the names of Panza and Zancas; for the history sometimes calls him by the one, and sometimes by the other of these surnames. There were some other minuter particulars observable; but they are all of little importance, and contribute nothing to the faithful narration of the history; though none are to be despised, if true. But, if there be any objection against the truth of this history, it can only be, that the author was an Arab, those of that nation being not a little addicted to lying: though, as they are so much our enemies, one should rather think he fell short of, than exceeded, the bounds of truth. And so, in truth, he seems to have done; for when he might, and ought to have launched out, in celebrating the praises of so excellent a Knight, it looks as if he industriously passed them over in silence: a thing ill done and worse designed; for historians ought to be precise, faithful, and unprejudiced; and neither interest nor fear, hatred nor affection, should make them swerve from the way of truth, whose mother is history, the rival of time, the depository of great actions, the witness of what is past, the example and instruction to the present, and monitor to the future. In this you will certainly find, whatever you can desire in the most agreeable; and, if any per-

fection is wanting to it, it must, without all question, be the fault of the infidel its Author, and not owing to any defect in the subject. In short, this part, according to the translation, began thus.

The trenchant blades of the two valorous and enraged combatants, being brandished aloft, seemed to stand threatening Heaven, and earth, and the deep abyss; such was the courage and gallantry of their deportment. And the first, who discharged his blow, was the choleric Biscainer; which fell with such force and fury, that, if the edge of the sword had not turned aslant by the way, that single blow had been enough to have put an end to this cruel conflict, and to all the adventures of our Knight: but good fortune, that preserved him for greater things, so twisted his adversary's sword, that, though it alighted on the left shoulder, it did him no other hurt than to disarm that side, carrying off by the way a great part of his helmet, with half an ear; all which, with hideous ruin, fell to the ground, leaving him in a piteous plight.

Good God! who is he that can worthily recount the rage, that entered into the breast of our Manchegan, at seeing himself so roughly handled? Let it suffice, that it was such, that he raised himself afresh in his stirrups, and, grasping his sword faster in both hands, discharged it with such fury upon the Biscainer,

taking him full upon the cushion, and upon the head, which he could not defend, that, as if a mountain had fallen upon him, the blood began to gush out at his nostrils, his mouth, and his ears; and he seemed as if he was just falling down from his mule, which doubtless he must have done, if he had not laid fast hold of her neck: but, notwithstanding that, he lost his stirrups and let go his hold; and the mule, frighted by the terrible stroke, began to run about the field, and at two or three plunges laid her master flat upon the ground. Don Quixote stood looking on with great calmness, and, when he saw him fall, leaped from his horse, and ran with much agility up to him, and, clapping the point of his sword to his eyes, bid him yield, or he would cut off his head. The Biscainer was so stunned, that he could not answer a word; and it had gone hard with him, so blinded with rage was Don Quixote, if the ladies of the coach, who hitherto in great dismay beheld the conflict, had not approached him, and earnestly besought him, that he would do them the great kindness and favour to spare the life of their squire. Don Quixote answered with much solemnity and gravity: "Assuredly, fair Ladies, I am very willing to grant your request, but it is upon a certain condition and compact; which is, that this Knight shall promise me to repair to the town of Toboso, and present himself, as from me, before the peerless Dulcinea, that she

may dispose of him as she shall think fit." The terrified and disconsolate lady, without considering what Don Quixote required, and without inquiring who Dulcinea was, promised him her squire should perform, whatever he enjoined him. "In reliance upon this promise," said Don Quixote, "I will do him no farther hurt, though he has well deserved it at my hands."

## CHAP. X.

### OF THE DISCOURSE DON QUIXOTE HAD WITH HIS GOOD SQUIRE SANCHO PANZA.

By this time Sancho Panza had got upon his legs, somewhat roughly handled by the monk's lacqueys, and stood beholding, very attentively, the combat of his master Don Quixote, and besought God in his heart, that he would be pleased to give him the victory, and that he might thereby win some island, of which to make him governor, as he had promised him. Now, seeing the conflict at an end, and that his master was ready to mount again upon Rozinante, he came and held his stirrup; and, before he got up, he fell upon his knees before him, and, taking hold of his hand, kissed it, and said to him: "Be pleased, my Lord Don Quixote, to bestow upon me the government of that island, which you have won in this rigorous combat; for, be it never so big, I